It is not surprising that some of the hot blood here should chafe at the presence of the invading force below, who have come up avowedly to depany of riflemen be formed, and that they march dewn and request the ruffians to go back to Missouri and mind their own business, and if they refuse to go to drive them out of the Territory. I am certain that all that prevents this from being done is desired to describe the development. done is a desire to do everything legal and right, so that the American people shall sustain the people of Kansas, and therefore it is determined that the nvaders must strike the first blow.

There is a design here to murder Gen. Pomerov Those men who captured me and kept me last night were discussing it I have seen him to day for the first time. He looks well and is in good

REENFORCEMENTS FROM MISSOURI.

From Our Special Correspondent LAWRENCE, K. T., Dec. 3-a, m. Yesterday the Sabbath passed away so quietly that I almost forgot this people were on the verge of a civil convulsion. But little of moment oc. curred, save that reënforcements continued to arrive for both sides-more Missourians continuing to come from the direction of Westport, bringing mounted brass eight-pounder and other munitions of war, which shows the movement to be too deliberate and premeditated to be abandoned. I had, indeed, well nigh come to the conclusion that the invasion was about to end with a humiliating and ridiculous retreat; but slowly and systemati-cally they come, dragged out from Western Missouri reluctantly by the unscrupulous men who have appealed to their bad passions to get them here and who are helding them by the power of whisky, their cupidity, and by the influence of the high powhich the ringleaders in this infamous invasion disgrace.

Last night after dark Governor Shannon's pro elamation was received for the first time, though

THE CAMP-BOLD THREATS cial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribun

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 4, 1855. I have just come down from Lawrence. Three hundred men are encamped on the Waukarusa. They have all come from Missouri, and have brought a six-pounder (field piece) with them. I met 50 more between this place and Waukarusa, and there are at least 200 more in Westport. The Platte County Rifles are going over the Delaware Reserve toward Lawrence, and these, with some 80 or 100 Pro-Slavery men who reside in the Territory, will probably form a force of some 700 or

200 strong for the purpose of attacking Lawrence.

The invaders are all enrolled by the Governor as they pass the Shawnee Mission, and they have posted sentries at all the fords and at points along posted sentries at all the lords and as published the Creek, and search and disarm all who attempt the Creek, and search and disarm all who attempt down to pass. They seized a man who had come down from Lawrence yesterday morning, and had him bound in their samp. They stopped we at the ford, and wanted to search and disarm me. I re-They do allow them, and rode on. Half a dozen rifles threatened me, and they called me to stop. They led me back to the camp to be examined and kept me some time, so that I had an opportunity to see the whole camp apparatus. The "Lene Star" flag was waving over the camp. The whole affair is really under the control of the secret organization that exists in Western Missouri, of which Atchison and Stringfellow are the leaders. After threatening to keep me I succeeded is getting over with my arms. They thought I had only a little French pistol, which I gave to Sheriff Jones on his pledged honor that I should have it if I was "all right." How I got off I scarcely know. I threatened proceedings, and they thought I was a Western man returning to the States. Had they knewn I was on the staff of THE TRIBUNB they would

have hanged me as high as Haman.

I rede to Shawnee Mission, more than thirty miles, to make complaint to the Governor. I did not find him. Went to Westport; he had left, but I learned that he had received instructions from the national executive authorizing his proceedings and many more were going to leave Westport than otherwise would have done so. There is a large number in from the Western counties of Missouri

who are to start up.

I learned that Judge Johnson, lately from Ohio. and a young man who came with him, were seized peaterday by a band of these lawless borderers.
Both of these gentlemen are now in their hands,
and I heard many threats that they would be
Lynched within a few days. I also heard that a mob intend to destroy the American Hotel within a short time. I heard a good deal of discussion among the leaders which I will detail when I have time: the substance of it was that those who were marching on Kansas were in for war at all hazards. They intend to demand that Lawrence the rescue (these are not in Lawrence, and live ten miles from it). They also intend to demand that all arms shall be given up by the Free-state men, the leaders Lynched, and the others warned to leave the country. This war is premeditated and deliberate on the part of the Slavery extensionists. I heard men high in authority among them declare that " now was the very time. The " river was just about to close; no reenforcement could arrive for the Free-State men. There " were only some 3,500 of these in the Territory and if they were not cut off now they never could be. That Slavery must and should go to Kansas, and that they should fight and let the Union go to the d-1." Such was the sum and

I came on toward Kansas City, and was again arrested by armed men. I was taken to a house, or rather went with them, keeping my arms. Here I was searched, but having no suspicious papers about me, and stating that I was an Illinoisan (the truth), I got off: I could not, however, have escaped alive, but for a providential circumstance I have not time to relate.

The Territorial authorities are going heart and soul with these Missourians. The Free-State men are accused of committing outrages; but these charges are totally false. As to the fable of burning houses, there were only two empty shanties destroyed, and these were burned by the Pro-Blavery men themselves to make a story of. They are charging the Free State men falsely, and the

Governor believes all they tell him

Gen. Clark, the Indian Agent, shot a Pro-Slavery
friend who had knocked at his door last Saturday
night. He thought he was a Free-State man, ran
reund the corrections of the state of the st round the corner of the house and fired a shot-gun

at him, lacerating his leg.

There are only some 400 Free State men in
Lawrence, who will have to fight twice that number (unless they are reenforced) in a few days.

Let the friends of those here remember that the
intention is to drive them out and kill them, and the Territorial Government is lent to the scheme. It is the resolution of the Pro-Slavery men never to lose Kansas, and there will be a dresdful struggle. For the issue I fear. The Free State men act with uncommon prudence: they give no provecation, and are determined not to fight unless they are driven to it. The Missourians seek to provoke them. They have fired on the sentries, who were posted to give notice, so that they should not be taken by surprise. This fire was not returned, te the great credit of the sentries. The intention draw their fire, so as to have an excuse for

Secretary Woodson sent an extraordinary letter to Gen. Easton of Leavenworth, who was apointed by the Shawnee and Missouri Legislature.

"DEAR GENERAL: The Governor has called out the milida, and you will hereby organize your division, and praceed for the with to Lecompton. As the Governor has no power, you may call jon the Platte Rifle.

Company. They are always ready to help us. Whatever you do, do not implicate the Governor.

"DANIEL WOODSON."

This letter had been given for perusal to several gentlemen, and was copied in Leavenworth.

The Gerernor has issued a proclamation, which I have forwarded in another letter. It is a remarkable document, and is altogether outrageous. Let the friends of Freedom in the North note my words: There will be a bloody civil war here, and all the official Territorial influence will be in the Pro-Slavery cause. The scheme has been well digested, is resolved upon, and will be sustained by influential men. And nothing but the crushing out of the Free-State men will arrest the progress of these border outlaws unless the Congress interposes.

We are of opinion that the Kansas bubble has burst, and that the people on both sides of the western border are now enjoying the quiet of their homes, talking and jesting over the incidents of the late campaign. Many no doubt are "fighting their battles over again" in much happier mood than when rumors of burning shantles and butch-ered oxen were rife. What with cold weather, rais and hunger, and the sober, second thought, we think peace has been entirely reestablished and hostile armies dispersed.

hostile armies dispersed.

Kansas is not materially injured by the coup d'etat. Western men were "not born in the woods to be scared by an owl." No sympathy need be wasted by the public in behalf of this distracted people of the West. Their blood goes up and down like the floods of the Missouri River; but yet they hold a steady aim ahead, and will, beyond all ques tion, with that true Anglo-Saxon sense that char acterizes our countrymen everywhere, come out right side up, with care.'

Nevertheless, as interesting scraps of history we present below many of the items that have been putlished in the West in regard to the late turmoil that are beginning to reach us in the Western

papers.

From The Lexington (Mo.) Citizen, 7th

A letter from Col. Reid, of this city, dated Sunday night, 8 o'clock, received by last night's mail, after we had gone to press, says that they have in their camp, at Franklin, one brass 6-pounder. We shall to-morrow be reenforced by 500 men, with three cancen. Gen. Richardson is commander-in-chief of the forces. He was of opinion that a fight would take place on Tuesday or this day.

He is fearful when the volunteers get into Lawrence they will not be restrained.

He is fearful when the volunteers get into Lawrence they will not be restrained.

Franklin, Sunday Morning.

Dear Sie: One hundred and fifty men are here
and encamped, and eager for a battle. Last night
was very cold and windy, and has in a manner gentled
the impetuous spirit of yesterday. From Lawrence a
thousand conflic ing rumors have reached our camp,
all tending to confirm the opinion I have herefore
expressed—a battle will be fought. The Yankees have
holsted "the blood red signal" over their strong
place, and all day yesterday reenforcements were
going to augment their numbers. The Speriff has not
yet gathered strength adequate to the occasion. This
morning, as I understand, the determination is to
await additional men, and the Marshal demands the
Yankee violators of law. Yankee violators of law.

My deliberate opinion is, Lawrence will soon cease

to be a babitable place.

to be a habitable place.
Gov. Shannon has telegraphed to the President.
Urge forward our friends. I hope LaFayette has responded to my request for additional aid.
In haste and danger, yours.
INDEFENDENCE, Dec. 3.
To GEN. SHIELDS, Lexington: I have just returned from near Lawrence, where I have been to obtain information regarding the difficulty in Kaussas. The Sheriff's force is 350, all told. He is supplied with arms. The Abolitionists number 800 or 1,000 men, apmed.

Send a wagon with provisions and men. We are sure of a fight. Our force is only 400, all told.

C. O. WALLACE,
L. A. MCLEAN.
INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 3.
TO SHIELDS & VEITCH: I have just received a dispatch from Col. Chires and Capt. Shaw. Henry Chiles and J. C. Irvin, from the seat of war, state in substance as follows:

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!—Jones will not make a move until there is sufficient force in the field to insure success. We have not more than 300 men in arms in the Territories. You will, therefore, urge all who are interested in the matter to start immediately for the seat of war. There is no doubt now in regard to having a fight.

We all know that a great many have complained because they were disappointed when here before, in regard to a fight. Say to them now is the time to show game; and if we are defeated this time the Territory is lost to the Son!b.

An express has just started from Liberty. They have raised but 60 men, in all. Our men are in great danger, and it is expected that Jackson, Lafayette and Saline will come to the rescue! Send in your men.

S. H. WOODSON.

INDEFERDENCE, Dec. 4—3 p. m. FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!-Jones will not make a

To MR, WN. MUSGROVE: A dispatch from Weston says a plan to destroy the Town of Atchison by the Abolitionists had been discovered, and the leaders ar-

Gov Shannon has issued writs for the arrest of every one found in arms. Judge Johnson of the Territory has been arrested by our boys.

There are probably 300 men at the seat of war waiting for reenforcements. We will have 600, all told,

there to night. No attack on Lawrence will until additional reenforcements arrive. Let La Fayette shewher hand. Urge all you can to come. Come one, LATEST NEWS FROM KANSAS.

LATEST NEWS FROM KANSAS.

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 6, 1855—8 a. m.

To W. Shields: Limerick and Lightner are here from Lawrence, where they slept night before last. Six hundred Abolitionists in arms there. One thousand men at Jones's camp. All a mistake about the Governor receiving orders for troops. The matter expected to be settled to morrow or next day. Tell the volunteers to come on.

S. H. Woodson.

BRAZIL AND THE PLATA.

From Our Own Correspondent RIO DE JANEIRO, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1855. My latest dates from the Rio de la Plata are to

The Indians in the southern part of the Province of Buenos Ayres were continuing their depreda. tions, and had lately fallen in with a detachment of one hundred and twenty-eight Government troops and taken the scalps of one hundred and twenty six of them. The Minister of War was, as usual, on hand very soon after the damage was done, and pursued the savages at a safe distance. The country peeple are becoming greatly dissatisfied with this sort of protection; they would protect themselves if permitted to-do so, but the Government is afraid that after whipping the Indians they would make a revolution and drive Gov. Obligade and his ministry from power. It is well known that the "gauchos" are in favor of Rosas, whose friends are constantly watching for a favorable mo-

The United States surveying steamer Water Witch arrived at Montevideo on the 5th October, Lieut. Jeffers in command. Mr. J. has discovered a new channel, at the mouth of the Parana, four feet deeper than the old ones. Capt. Page, United States Navy, the commander of the expedition,

has gone into the interior on an exploring tour.

In the latter part of September, Montevides was visited by a severe gale which lasted several days and for twenty-four hours blew with the violence of a hurricane. Near the close of the storm an English brig, the Maida, loaded with ice, lumber and coal, and bound to Buenos Ayres, was lost under "the mount "-all the crew saved.

Political affairs in the Banda Orientale were apparently quiet under the administration of Busta-mente. The Misister of Foreign Affairs, Mar-tinez, tad resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. Rodriguez. Ex-President Flores was living quietly at his residence, five or six miles from the City of Montevideo, and Gen. Oribe was with him How the Brazilian troops were to be got rid of,

was an unsolved problem.

In this part of Brazil there is no news of general interest. The cholera has made its appearance, generally through the Province of Rio de Janeiro, finding its victims mainly among the bracks. The to 80; otherwise the city is healthy. Among the shipping it is generally healthy. At the present writing there are forty American vessels in port. Coffee is so high that it cannot be shipped port. Coffee is so high that it cannot be supported and vessels are leaving for the United States in ballast. On the 5th instant the United States ship ballast. Savannah sailed from this port on a cruise. loop-of-war Germantown, Commander Lynch, is Montevideo. On the 25th of September the United States brig Bainbridge salled from Monte-

LITTLE DORRIT.

IN TWO BOOKS. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST ... POVERTY.

CHAPTER III.

It was a Sunday evening in London, gloomy, close, and stale. Maddening church bells of all degrees of dissonance, sharp and flat, cracked and clear, fast and slow, made the brick and mortar echoes hideous. Melancholy streets in a penitenechoes hideous. Melancholy streets in a peniten-tial garb of soot, steeped the souls of the people who were condemned to look at them out of win-dows, in dire despondency. In every thorough-fare, up almost every alley, and down almost every turning, some doleful bell was throbbing, jerking, tolling, as if the plague were in the city and the dead-carts were going round. Everything was boited and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an overworked people. No pictures, no unfamiliar animals, no rare plants or flowers, no natural or artificial wonders of the ancient world natural or artificial wonders of the ancient world -all tubes with that enlightened strictness, that the ugly South Sea gods in the British Museum might have supposed themselves at home again. Nothing to see but streets, streets, streets. Nothing to breathe but streets, streets, streets. ing to change the brooding mind, or raise it up. Nothing for the spent toiler to do, but to compare the morotony of his seventh day with the monotony of his six days, think what a weary life he led, and make the best of it-or the worst, according to the probabilities.

At such a happy time, so propitious to the inter-ests of religion and morality. Mr Arthur Clennam, newly arrived from Marseilles by way of Dover, and by Dover coach the Blue-eyed Maid, sat in the window of a coffee house on Ladgate Hill Ten thousand responsible houses surrounded him, frowning as heavily on the streets they composed, as if they were every one inhabited by the ten young men of the Calender's story, who blackened faces and bemoaned their miseries every night. Fifty thousand lairs surrounded him where people lived so unwholesomely, that fair water put into their crowded rooms on Saturday night, would be corrupt on Sunday morning: albeit my lord, their county member was amazed that they failed to sleep in company with their butcher's meat. Miles of close wells and pits of houses, where the inhabitants gasped for air, stretched far away to-ward every point of the compass. Through the heart of the town a deadly sewer ebbed and flowed, in the place of a fine fresh river. What secular want could the million or so of human beings whose daily labor, six days in the week, lay among these Arcadian objects, from the sweet sameness of which they had no escape between the cradle and the grave-what secular want could they possibly have upon their seventh day? Clearly could want nothing but a stringent policeman

Mr. Arthur Clennam sat in the window of the coffee house on Ludgate Hill, counting one of the neighboring bells, making sentences and burdens of songs out of it in spite of himself, and wonder-ing how many sick people it might be the death of in the course of a year. As the hour approached, its changes of measure made it more and more exasperating. At the quarter, it went off into a condition of deadly lively importunity, urging the populace in a voluble manner to Come to church, Come to church, Come to church! At the ten minutes, it became aware that the congregation would be scanty, and slowly hammered out in low spirits. They won't cone, they won't come they won't come! At the five minutes, it abandoned hope, and shook every house in the neighborhood for three hundred seconds, with one dismal swing per second, as a groan of despair.

'Thank Heaven!" said Clennam, when the hour

struck, and the bell stepped.

But its sound had revived a long train of miser able Surdays, and the procession would not stop with the bell, but continued to march on. "Heaven forgive me," said he. "and those who trained me. Ilow I have hated this day."

There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to Perdition!—a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy—and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hic-cupping reference as 2 Ep. Thesa. c. iii. v. 6 & 7. There was the sleepy Sunday of his boyhood, when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel by a picquet of teachers three times a day, morally handcuffed to another boy; and when he would willingly have bartered two meals of indigestible sermon for another cunce or two of infe-rior mutton at his scanty dinner in the flesh. There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage: when his mother, stern of face and unrelenting of beart, would sit all day behind a bile-bound like her own construction of it in the bardest, barest, and straitest boards, with one dinted ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves—as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse. There was the resentful Sunday of a little later, when he sat glovering and glooming through the tardy length of the day, with a sullen sense of injury in his heart, and no more real knowledge of the beneficent history of the New Testament, than if he had been bred among idola-ters. There was a legion of Sundays, all days of unserviceable bitterness and mortification, slowly passing before him.

Beg pardon, sir," said a brisk waiter, rubbing

the table. "Wish see bedroom?"
"Yes. I have just made up my mind to do it." "Chaymaid!" cried the waiter. "Gelen box num seven wish see room!"

Stay!" said Clennam, rousing himself. " I was not thinking of what I said : I answered mechanically. I am not going to sleep here. I am going home."

Deed, sir! Chaymaid! Gelen box num seven, not go sleep here, gome."

He sat in the same place as the day died, looking at the dull houses opposite, and thinking, if the disembedied spirits of former inhabitants were ever conscious of them, how they must pity themselves for their old places of imprisonment. Some-times a face would appear behind the diagy glass of a window, and would fade away into the gloom as if it had seen enough of life and had vanished out of it. Presently the rain began to fall in slanting lines between him and those houses, and peo-ple began to collect under cover of the public passage opposite, and to look out hopelessly at the sky as the rain dropped thicker and faster. Then wet umbrellas began to appear, draggled skirts, and mud. What the mud had been doing with itself. or where it came from, who could say! But it

astonished at being suffered to introduce any show of brightness into such a dismal scene. Mr. Arthur Clennam took up his hat, and but-tened his coat, and walked out. In the country, the rain would have developed a thou-and fresh scents, and every drop would have had its bright association with some beautiful form of growth or life. In the city, it developed only foul stale smells, and was a sickly, lukewarm, dirt-stained, Mr. Arthur Clennam took up his hat, and but-

seemed to collect in a moment, as a crowd will, and in five minutes to have splashed all the sons

and daughters of Adam The lamplighter was going his rounds now; and as the fiery jets sprang up under his touch, one might have fancied them

vretched addition to the gutters.

He crossed by Saint Paul's and went down, at a wretched addition to the long angle, almost to the water's edge, through some of the crooked and descending streets which lie (and lay more crockedly and closely then) be tween the river and Cheapside. Passing, now the moldy hall of some obsolete Worshipful Com pany, now the illuminated windows of a Congrega-tionies; Church that seemed to be waiting for some adventurous Belzoni to dig it out and discover its history; passing silent warehouses and wharves, and here and there a narrow alley leading to the river, where a wretched little bill FOUND DROWNED, was weeping on the wet wall he came at last to the house to sought. An old brick house, so dingy as to be all bet tlack, stand

ing by itself within a gateway. Before it, a square courtyard where a shrub or two and a patch of grass were as rank (which is saying much), as the grass were as rank (which is saying much), as the iron railings inclosing them were rusty; behind it, a jumble of roofs. It was a double house, with leng, narrow, heavily framed windows. Many years ago, it had had it in its mind to slide down sideways; it had been propped up, however, and was leaning on some half dozen gigantic crutches: which gymnasium for the neighboring cats, weather stained, smoke-blackened, and overgrown with weeds, appeared in these latter days to be no very

Nothing changed," said the traveler, stopping to look round. "Dark and miserable as ever. light in my mother's window, which seems never to have been extinguished since I came home twice a year from school, and dragged my box over this

pavement. Well, well, well!

He went up to the door, which had a projecting canepy in carved wood, of festooned jack-towels and children's heads with water on the brain, designed after a once popular monumental pattern: and knocked. A shuffling step was soon heard on the stone floor of the hall, and the door was opened by an old man: bent and dried, but with keen eyes. He had a candle in his hand, and he held it up for a moment to assist his keen eyes. "Ah, Mr. Arthur?" he said, without any emotion, "you are

ome at last! Step in."

Mr. Arthur stepped in and shut the door.

"Your figure is filled out, and set," said the old man, turning to look at him with the light raised again, and shaking his head: "but you don't come up to you father in my opinion. Nor yet your mother.

How is my mother ?"

She is as she always is now. Keeps her room when not actually bedridden, and hasn't been out of it fifteen times in as many years, Arthur." They had walked into a spare, mesger, dining room. The old man had put the candlestick upon the table, and, supporting his right elbow with his left band, was smoothing his leathern jaws while he looked at the visitor. The visitor offered his hand. The old man took it coldly enough, and seemed to prefer his jaws; to which he returned as soon as he could "I doubt if your mother will approve of your

coming home on the Sabbath, Artnur," he said, shaking his head warily.

"You wouldn't have me go away again?"
"Oh! 1? I? I am not the master. It's not what I would have. I have stood between your father and mother for a number of years. I don't pretend to stand between your mother and you.

Will you tell her that I have come home "Yes Arthur, yes, Oh to be sure! I'll tell her that you have come home. Please to wait here. You won't find the room changed." He took another candle from a cupboard, lighted it, left the first on the table, and went upon his errand. was a short, bald old man, in a high shouldered black coat and waistcoat, drab breeches and long drab gaiters. He might from his dress, have been either clerk or servant, and in fact had long been There was nothing about him in the way of decoration but a watch, which was lowered into the depths of its proper pocket by an old black ribbon, and had a tarnished copper key moored above it, to show where it was sunk. His head was awry, and he had a one sided, crab-like way with him, as if his foundations had yielded at about the same time as those of the house, and he ought to have been propped up in a similar manner.
"How weak am I," said Arthur Clennam, when

he was gone, "that I could shed tears at this re-ception! I who have never experienced anything else : who have never expected anything else."

He not only could, but did. It was the momen tary yielding of a nature that had been disappointed from the dawn of its perceptions, but had not quite given up all its hopeful yearnings yet. He subdued it, took up the candle and examined the room. The old articles of furniture were in their old places: the Plagues of Egypt, much the dum-mer for the fly and smoke-plagues of London, were framed and glazed upon the walls. There was the old cellaret with nothing in it, lined with lead, like a sort of coffin in compartments: there was the old dark closet, also with nothing in it, of which he had been many a time the sole contents, in days of punishment, when he had regarded it as the veritable entrance to that bourne to which the tract had found him galloping. There was the large, hard featured clock on the sideboard, which he used to see bending its figured brows upon him with a savage joy when he was behindhand with his lessons, and which, when it was wound up once a week with an iron handle, used to sound as if it were growling in ferocious anticipation of the miseries into which it would brisg him. But, here

was the old man come back, saying, "Arthur, I'll go before and light you." Arthur followed him up the staircase, which was paneled off into spaces like so many mourning tablets, into a dim bedchamber, the floor of which had gradually so sunk and settled, that the fireplace was in a dell. On a black bier like sofa in this hollow, propped up behind with one great angular black bolster, like the block at a state execution in the good old times, sat his mother in a

widow's dress. She and his father had been at variance from his earliest remembrance. To sit speechless himself in the midst of rigid silence, glancing in dread from the one averted face to the other, had been the peacefullest occupation of his childhood. gave him one glassy kiss, and four stiff fingers muffled in worsted. This embrace concluded, he sat down on the opposite side of her little table. There was a fire in the grate, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a kettle on the hob, as there had been night and day for fifteen years. There was a little mound of damped ashes on the top of the fire, and another little mound swept together under the grate, as there had been night and day for lifteen years. There was a smell of black dye in the airless room, which the fire had been drawing out of the crape and stuff of the widow's dress for fifteen months, and out of the bier-like sofa for tifteen years.

Mother, this is a change from your old active habits. "The world has narrowed to these dimensions, Arthur," she replied, glancing round the room.
"It is well for me that I never set my heart upon

its hallow vanities."

The old influence of her presence and her stern strong voice, so gathered about her son, that he felt conscious of a renewal of the timid chill and reserve of his childhood. Do you never leave your room, mother !"

"What with my rheumatic affection, and what with its attendant debility or nervous weaknessnames are of no matter now-I have lost the use of my limbs. I never leave my room. I have not been out of this room for—tell him for how long." she said, speaking over her shoulder.

"A dozen year next Christmas," returned a cracked voice out of the dimness behind.

"Is that Affery?" said Arthur, looking toward it.
The cracked voice replied that it was Affery: and an old woman came forward into what doubtful light there was, and kissed her hand once;

then subsided again into the dimness.

"I am able," said Mrs. Clennam, with a slight motion of her worsted-muffled right hand toward chair on wheels, standing before a tall writing cabinet close that up, "I am able to attend to my business duties, and I am thankful for the privilege. It is a great privilege. But no more of business on this day. It is a bad night, is it

Does it spow ? "

Stow, mother ! And we only yet in Septem-

All seasons are alike to me." she returned, with a grim kind of luxuriousness "I know noth-ing of Summer and Winter, shut up here. The Lord has been pleased to put me beyond all that." With her cold gray eyes and her cold gray hair, and her immovable face, as stiff as the folds of her stony head-dress—her being beyond the reach of the seasons, seemed but a fit sequence to her being beyond the reach of all changing emotions On her little table lay two or three books, her

taken off, and an old fashioned gold watch in a heavy double case. Upon this last object her son's eyes and her own now rested together. "I see that you received the packet I sent you

on my father's death, safely, mether. "I never brew my father to show so much anx-

lety on any subject, as that his watch should be ent straight to you."
"I keep it here as a remembrance of your

father." 'It was not until the last, that he expressed the wish. When he could only put his hand upon it, and very indistinctly say to me 'your mother.' A moment before, I thought him wandering in his mind as he had been for many hours. I think he had no consciousness of painin his short illness— when I saw him turn himself in his bed and try to

Was your father, then, not wandering in his mind when he tried to open it !"
"No. He was quite sensible at that time.

Mrs Clennam shook her head; whether in dismissal of the deceased or opposing herself to her son's opinion, was not clearly expressed.

"After my father's death I opened it myself,

thinking there might be, for anything I knew, some memorandum there. However, as I need not tell you, mether, there was nothing but the old silk watch paper worked in beads, which you found (no doubt) in its place between the cases, where I found and left it "

Mrs. Clennam signified assent: then added "no more of business on this day," and then added, "Affery, it is nine o'cleck."

Upon this, the old woman cleared the little table, went cut of the room, and quickly returned with a tray, on which was a dish of little rusks and a small precise pat of butter, cool, symmetri-cal, white and plump. The old man who had been standing by the door in one attitude during the whole interview, looking at the mother up-stairs as he had looked at the son down stairs, went out at the same time, and, after a longer absence, re-turned with another tray on which was the greater part of a bottle of port wine (which, to judge by his panting, he had brought from the cellar), a lemon, a sugar basin, and a spice box. With these materials and the aid of the kettle, he filled a tumbler with a het and odorous mixture, meas tred out and compounded with as much nicety as a physician's prescription. Into this mixture, Mrs. Clennam dipped certain of the rusks and ate them; while the old woman buttered certain other of the rusks, which were to be eaten alone. When the invalid had eaten all the rusks and drunk all the mixture, the two trays were removed: and the books and the candle, watch, handkerchief, and spectacles were replaced upon the table. She then put on the spectacles and read certain passages aloud from a book-sternly, fiercely, wrathfully-praying that her enemies (she made them by her tone and manner expressly hers) might be put to the edge of the sword, consumed by fire. smitten by plagues and leprosy, that their bones might be ground to dust, and that they might be utterly exterminated. As she read on, years seemed to fall away from her son like the imagin-ings of a dream, and all the old dark horrors of his usual preparation for the sleep of an innocent

child to overshadow him.

She shut the book and remained for a little time with her face shaded by her hand. So did the old man, otherwise still unchanged in attitude; so, probably, did the old woman in her dimmer part of the room. Then the sick woman was ready for

"Good night, Arthur. Affery will see to your accommodation. Only touch me, for my hand is tender." He touched the worsted muffling of her hand—that was nothing; if his mother had been sheathed in brass there would have been no new barrier between them-and followed the old man and woman down stairs. The latter asked him, when they were alone to-

gether among the heavy shadows of the dining room, would he have some supper? "No. Affery, no supper."
"You shall if you like," said Affery. "There's her to morrow's partridge in the larder—her first

this year; say the word and I'll cook it.' No, he had not long dined, and could eat nothing.

"Have something to drink, then," said Affery; you shall have some of her bottle of port, if you like. I'll tell Jeremiah that you ordered me bring it you.' No: nor would he have that, either.
"It's no reason, Arthur," said the old woman, bending over him to whisper, "that because I am afeard of my life of 'em. you should be. You've got half the property, haven't you?"

'Yes, yes.'
'Well then, don't you be cowed. You're clever,

Arthur, an't you?"
He nodded, as she seemed to expect an answer in the affirmative.
"Then stand up against them! She's awful clever, and none but a clever one durst say a word

to her He's a clever one-oh he's a clever one'and he gives it her when he has a mind to't, he

Your husband does ?"

1 Does 1 tt makes me shake from head to foot, to hear him give it her. My husband, Jeremiah Flintwinch, can conquer even your mother. can be be but a clever one to do that!

His shuffling footstep coming toward them caused her to retreat to the other end of the room. Though a tall, hard favored, sinewy old woman, who in her youth might have enlisted in the Foot Guards without much fear of discovery, she collapsed before the little, keen-eyed, crab-like old

Now, Affery," said he, "now, woman, what are you doing! Can't you find Master Arthur something or another to pick at?"

Master Arthur repeated his recent refusal to

pick at anything
"Very well: then," said the old man; "make
his bed. Stir yourself." His neck was so twisted
that the knotted eads of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear: his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since halter and

all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down.
"You'll have bitter words together to morrow,
Arthur: you and your mother," said Jeremiak. "Your having given up the business on your father's death-which she suspects, though we have left it to you to tell her—won't go off smoothly."
"I have given up everything in life for the business, and the time came for me to give up that.

"Good!" cried Jeremiah, evidently meaning Bad. "Very good! only don't expect me to stand between your mother and you, arthur. I stood between your mother and your father, fending off this, and fending off that, and getting crushed and pounded betwirt 'em; and I've done with such

"You will never be asked to begin it again for me, Jeremiab.

'Good! I'm glad to hear it; because I should have had to decline it if I had been. That's enough —as your mother says—and more than enough of such matters on a Sabbath night. Affery, woman, have you found what you want yet?

She had been collecting sheets and blankets from a press, and hastened to gather them up, and to reply, "yes, Jeremiah." Arthur Clennam helped her by carrying the load himself, wished the old man good night, and went up stairs with her to the top of the house.

They mounted up and up, through the musty

smell of an old close house, little used, to a large garret bed-room. Meager and spare, like all the other rooms, it was even uglier and grimmer than the rest, by being the place of banishment for the worn out furniture. Its moveables were ugly old chairs with worn-out seats, and ugly old chairs without any seats: a threadbare patternless carpet, a maimed table, a crippled wardrobe, a leas set of fire-irons like the skeleton of a set deceased, a washing stand that looked as if it had stood for ages in a hall of dirty soap-suds, and a bedstead with four bare atomies of posts, each terminating in a spike, as if for the dismal accommodation of lodgers was might prefer to impale them-selves. Arthur opened the long low window, and looked out upon the old blasted and blackened forest of chimneys, and the old red glare in the sky which had seemed to him once upon a time but a nightly reflection of the fiery environment that was presented to his childish fancy in all directions, let it look where it would.

He drew in his head again, sat down at the bed-side, and looked on at Affery Flintwinch making the "Affery, you were not married when I went

away."
She screwed her mouth into the form of saying

"No," shook her head, and proceeded to get a pilow into its case.

How did it happen ! " "Why, Jeremiah, o' course," said Affery, with an end of the pillow case between her teeth. "Of course he proposed it, but how did it all come about? I should have thought that neither of you would have married; least of all should have thought of your marrying each other."
"No more should I," said Mrs. Flintwinch, tying

the pillew tightly in its case.
"That's what I mean. When did you begin to think otherwise !" Never begun to think otherwise at all," said

Seeing, as she patted the pillow into its place on the bolster, that he was still looking at her, as if

waiting for the rest of her reply, ahe gave it a great poke in the middle and asked, "How could help myself?"
"How could you help yourself from being mar-

ried ! "O' course," said Mrs. Flintwinch. "It was no doing o' mine. I'd never thought of it. I'd get something to do without thinking, indeed! She kept me to it when she could go about, and she could go about then."

"Weil!" echoed Mrs. Flintwinch. "That's what I said myself. Well! What's the use of considering? If them two clever ones has made up their minds to it, what's left for me to do? Nothing. "Was it my mother's project, then?"

"The Lord bless you, Arthur, and forgive me the wish!" cried Affery, speaking always in a low tone. "If they hadn't been both of a mind in it, how could it ever have been? Jeremiah never courted me: t'ant likely that he would, after living in the house with me and ordering me about for as many years as he'd done. He said to me one day, be said, 'Affery.' he said, 'now I am going to tell you something. What do you think of the name of Flintwinch!' 'What do I think of it?' I says. 'Yes,' he said: 'because you're going to take it,' he said. 'Take it?' I says. 'Jere-me-ab?' 'Oh, he's a clever one!'

Mrs. Flintwinch went on to spread the upper sheet over the bed, and the blanket over that, and

sheet over the bed, and the blanket over that, and
the counterpane over that, as if she had quite concluded her story.

"Well!" said Arthur again.

"Well!" schoed Mrs. Flintwinch again. 'How
could I help myself! He said to me. 'Affery, yea
and me must be married, and I'll tell you why.
She's failing in health, and she'll want pretty constant attendance up in her room, and we shall have to be much with her, and there'll be nebody about now but ourselves when we're away from her, and altogether it will be more convenient. She's of my opinion,' he said, 'so if you'll put your bonnet on, next Monday morning at eight, we'll get

it over.' Mrs. Flintwinch tucked up the bed. "Well?" repeated Mrs. Flintwineh, " I think "Well?" repeated Mrs. Flintwinch, "I think so! I sits me down and says it. Well!—Jersmiah then says to me, 'As to banns. next Sunday being the third time of asking (for I've put 'em up a fortnight), is my reason for naming Monday. She'll speak to you about it herself, and now she'll find you prepared, Affery.' That same day she spoke to me, and she said, 'So, Affery, I understand that you and Jeremiah are going to be married. I am glad o'it, and so are you, with reason. It is a very good thing for you, and very welcome under the circumstances to me. He is a sensible man, and a trustworthy man, and a persering man, and a pious man. What could I say when it had come to that? Why, if it had been—a Smothering instead of a Wedding," Mrs. Flindwinch cast about in her mind with great pains for

this form of expression, "I couldn't have said a word upon it, against them two clever ones." "In good faith, I believe so."

"And so you may, Arthur."

"Affery, what girl was that in my mother's room just now!" "Girl !" said Mrs. Flintwich in a rather sharp

key. It was a girl, surely, whom I saw near you-

"It was a girl, surely, whom I saw near youalmost hidden in the dark corner?"
"Oh! She? Little Dorrit? She's nothing:
she's a whim of—hers." It was a peculiarity of
Affery Flintwinch that she never spoke of Mrs.
Clennam by name. "But there's another sort of
girls than that about. Have you forgot your old
sweetheart? Long and long ago, I'll be bound."
"I suffered enough from my mother's separating us, to remember her. I recollect her very
well."

"Have you got another?"

"Here's news for you, then. She's well to do now, and a widow. And if you like to have her, why you can." And how do you know that, Affery

" Them two clever ones have been speaking about it There's Jeremiah on the stairs! gone in a moment.

Mrs. Flintwinch had introduced into the web that his mind was busily weaving, in that old work shop where the loom of his youth had stood, the last thread wanting to the pattern. The airy of a boy's love had found its way even into that house, and he had been as wretched under its hope lessness as if the house had been a castle of to mance. Little more than a week ago, at Ma mance. Little more than a week age, at Ma-scilles, the face of the pretty girl from whom he had parted with regret, had had an unusual interes-for him, and a tender hold upon him, because a some resemblance, real or imagined, to this for-face that had soared out of his gloomy life into the bright glories of fancy. He leaned upon the sil-of the long low window, and looking out upon the blackened formst of abinous again, because blackened forest of chimneys again, began is dream. For, it had been the uniform tendency this man's life—so much was wanting in it to this about, so much that might have been better directed and happier to speculate upon-to make him s dreamer, after all.

CHAPTER IV.

MES. FLINTWINCH HAS A DREAM. When Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed, she usually dreamed unlike the son of her old mistress, will her eyes shut. She had a cariously vivid dress that hight, and before she had left the son of her old mistress many hours. In fact, it was not s

old mistress many nours. In lact, it was an al like a dream, it was so very real in every respect. It happened in this wise.

The bed chamber occupied by Mr. and Mr. Flintwinch was within a few paces of that to which Mrs. Clennam had been so long confined. It was not on the same floor, for it was a room at the side of the house, which was approached by a the side of the house, which was approached by a constant of the west store diverging from the side of the house, which was approximately determined from the main staircase nearly opposite to Mrs. Cleenam's door. It could scarcely be said to be within call, the walls, doors, and paneling of the opplace were so cumbrous; but it was within ear reach, in any undress, at any hour of the night; any temperature. At the heaf of the bed, swithin a foot of Mrs. Flintwisch's ear, was a better line of which hung ready to Mrs. Clennas hand. Whenever this bell rang, up started Affer and was in the sick room before she was a wate. Having got her mistress into bed, lighted is lsmp, and given her good right, Mrs. Flintwine went to roost as usual, saving that her lord had

yet appeared. It was her lord himself who became—unlike the last theme in the mind, seed ing to the conservation of most philosophers subject of Mrs. Flintwire's dream.
It seemed to her that she awake, after sleeps

some hours, and found Jeremiah not yet abe.
That she looked at the candle she had left buring, and, measuring the time like King Alfred the Great, was confirmed by its wasted state in belief that she had been asleep for some cossistable period. That she arose thereupen, must also be the confirmed to the confirmed t herself up in a wrapper, put on her shees, went out on the staircase much surprised, to for Jeremiah.

The staircase was as wooden and solid as per be, and Affery went straight down it without be, and Affery went straight down it without at of those deviations peculiar to dreams. She is not skim over it, but walked down it, and guid herself by the bannisters on account of her cash having died out. In one corner of the hall, behing the house door, there was a little waiting rough like a well shaft, with a long narrow window at as if it had been ripped up. In this room, which was never used, a light was burning.

Mrs Flintwinch crossed the hall, feeling its parameter of the hall, feeling its